

Still Camping on the Trail.

BY JOHN MAGUIRE.

Part I.

Thirty-four years ago, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, these well known and highly popular theatrical stars, and the parents of the eminent actress, Miss Blanche Bates, together with the writer of these lines were filling a stellar engagement at the theatre in Salt Lake City, then as now called the Salt Lake theatre. While our original engagement was limited to a few weeks, the contract was renewed for some months for the very good reason, the business of the theatre was excellent. Mrs. Bates being a particularly strong popular attraction in those days, and a great social success everywhere. However, as we had but a limited number of plays, and there is such a thing even in theatrical appearances as "wearing out one's welcome," we began to look around for "fresh fields and pastures new."

At this very time Salt Lake was enjoying one of the most prosperous epochs in its history. Alta, Cottonwood and Bingham canyon mining districts were being developed on every side. The richness of every mining camp was daily extolled by those most interested in either locality. There was, however, a unanimity of consent by all that the El Dorado was Pioche. Pioche! Pioche! was the universal cry.

Picturesque indeed was the city of Salt Lake during that exciting period. Each day brought in a throng of hardy mountaineers from Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming and eastern Nevada—the bulk of the Comstockers, and Californians, however, going to the new camp by way of Eureka. Daily Gilmer & Salisbury's stage coaches were loaded to the guards with passengers. Hundreds of others walked, "carrying their swag" of blankets on their backs. Many more rode cayuses, while every conceivable vehicle on wheels was being driven in service, for this begonia to the promised land. Varied indeed was the make-up of these adventurers. Miners young and old, prospectors and men of business, generally clad in the old typical western miner's suit of homespun, red, blue, or grey shirts, "hitcher" fapies, selected, the broad brimmed hat, the leather chaps, the wide, heavy, well worn, and cupine embroidery. Others again, a decided minority, were dressed in loudly civilized attire, whose get-up of spotless linen, neatly fitting clothes of fine material, high-heeled boots (not gallopers or low cut shoes), natty flat crowned hat, with perfectly flat leaf, clean shaved, except the mustache, waxed mustache, the same being fondly stroked by long, attenuated, self-manicured fingers—all of which proclaimed in no uncertain tone, the gentleman was ready "to open the game." Gentleman, did I say? Yes! and I repeat that the sporting men of those days were all gentlemen, and were giving a square deal in their business relations broad, big hearted, generous and whose word was guaranteed enough, that when given it would with honor be maintained.

At this time—in no other part of the country, where indeed humanity is frequently to be seen in many curious and unusual phases, was there a population so marked in its general character, and at the same time divided into such distinct classes as Salt Lake. Dating as it does its foundation from yesterday—for what are two generations ago?—the growth of this wilderness metropolis—some of its founders are now scarcely past middle life, regarding with astonishment, the growth of work of their hands, and gazing upon the huge volume of business, made by the different railroads tributary to it, the daily arrivals of innumerable freight trains, the thousands of passenger arrivals from every part of the habitable globe—its well stocked warehouses, its magnificent stores, its splendid hotels, and all the concomitants of a great commercial depot, they can scarcely realize the meagreness of a few short years when on the same spot nothing but a few shacks, but a few weather bound and log buildings of a frontier town. Where now intelligent and wealthy merchants walk erect in conscious majesty, then a poor and credit, and direct the commerce of a vast and numerous populated region, but the other day, stalked in a dress of buckskin, the trader, the Indian trader of the west, the miner, the ever hopeful prospector, and all the evidences of commercial life consisted of the eccentric vagaries of the hardy mountaineers.

These nevertheless were the men whose hardy pluck opened to commerce and the plough the vast and fertile valleys of Utah, for after all, it was the mineral riches wrenched from the womb of heretofore unproductive soil which now yields its prolific treasures to the pick, the spade and plow of civilized man.

One afternoon, the Pioche excitement then at its height, Mr. Frank Bates and myself indulging in our usual daily walk, were passing through the corridors in the suburbs of the city. Close by was an encampment of about forty wagons of stout build, covered with white this ranged in a semi-circle, their long tongues pointing outwards with the necessary harnessing for four pairs of mules, or eight yoke of oxen, lying on the ground behind them, spread in ready order for hitching. Round the wagons, groups of teamsters, tall, stalwart young men, were engaged in busy preparation for the start, greasing the wheels, fitting or repairing the harness. The wagons were already heavily loaded, and this place was evidently their rendezvous before an immediate start. All were bound for Pioche.

"Frank," said I, turning abruptly to Bates, "I'll leave for Pioche at once. I'll get a release from Mrs. Bates as soon as I can." In three weeks from now I will have a theatre in Pioche with a good company headed by yourself and Mrs. Bates as stock stars.

Three weeks after that date Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates opened Maguire's opera house in Robertson's play "Caste," giving a splendid performance, supported by one of the best companies it has been my fortune to manage.

Pioche lies about 350 miles south of Salt Lake. It took an entire seven days and seven nights to make the trip by stage, the country below Fillmore having been the only inhabitants outside of Beaver, which is one of the oldest Mormon settlements, and a town then of considerable importance as a trading point. Between Beaver and the new mining camp—a distance of 100 miles—there was nothing, except the hurriedly constructed shelter for the horses called "stage stations," which were then of the greatest necessity, as each was really an hospital "pro tem" for the poor equines who suffered terribly from the epidemic epidemic then raging throughout the land.

What mighty changes have taken place since then! Along the whole length of Utah from Salt Lake to Milford, what a wonderful transformation the whole country presents! Large commodious farm houses with all modern conveniences, surrounded by unobscured trees, or in the shade of

—Apple and peach trees, fruited deep.

Each has the garden of the Lord" meet the eye on every side. The land is in a high state of cultivation. Well laid out towns have taken the place of the old stage stations of long ago, and instead of the rickety old "mud-wagon," hauled by epileptic cayuses, we are receding in the elegantly upholstered coaches, with which Senator Clark's Salt Lake and San Pedro road is equipped. Here I might with propriety ask why it is not called "The Montana and San Pedro" for henceforward this road, for the economy it gives in time and money, together with a superior service, will most assuredly command almost a monopoly of Montana and northeastern travel to California.

Leaving Milford behind, we are early astrid, and now speeding on our way to Caliente, Nevada, which may be called the gateway to Death Valley—the distributing point for several mining districts within a radius of fifty miles, including Pioche and De Lamar—and which assuredly will at an early date be a depot for supplies to the Tonopah country.

Here we are entering the land of gruesome traditions, where it is supposed fabulous wealth of gold and silver and precious gems are hidden under seas of shifting sands, to which Dante's lines might well apply: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." How many a prospector has been lured into this desolate waste only to leave his bones bleached by the arid air, a ghastly tribute to its presiding evil geni, the unpassable drought and the baleful, suffocating atmosphere, can not be enumerated until the judgment day. But now all is changed, the terrors of Death Valley exist no more. The evil geni, so much dreaded, are laid for evermore by that "wizard of the north," Senator W. A. Clark, who by his magic wand—called Montana placer—has turned the mountain and the investor, the miner and the mechanic, the merchant and the man of leisure, to a speed along in the palatial splendors of motor cars, and has replaced the appointed trains of coaches that ever ran upon wheels. I hear the pessimist say, "Alas, who is no art or poetry in these strenuous times. The genius of our day is too busy in the world's doings, in striving to advance utility, to have leisure, or to take an interest in the ideal and poetical." Bosh! When I look at this great undertaking, the building of this San Pedro, from Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad over this immense stretch of desert—but soon to be desert no more—I see indeed a great power in itself, working with iron arms, more vast and powerful than fable could imagine of Brontes and "Steropes" and all the huge manufactures of thunder, for an ideal Jove. Reality has outgrown fiction—has become the "major videri." It is doing a sublime work—one, too, in which poetry of high order is inherent through hands and means unpoetical.

Mind is there, thought is there, worthy of all the greatness of man's reputation for sagacity, or invention, and gigantic energy, the reaching to and grasping the large powers of nature, and adding them to his own body, thus becoming unconscious of the poetic analogy, a Titan again. This age is, after all, doing a great deed. Let the dreamer, the versifier, the searcher after visible beauty, the painter, the statuary, incapacitated as they all are, from the knowledge of what we mean by the business of life, consider coolly without prejudice for his art, and against what more commonly means him in some interrupting and ungracious form, reality, the machinery of governments, the science of banking, the undulations of mercantile life, and the innumerable details of which he seldom thinks but without the establishment of which he would not be allowed to think by which he lives his daily life, let him trace our manufactures, our great mining achievements, through all their successive ingenuities, to their great uses, and their great results. Let him travel over this grand span of railroad connecting those magic cities, Salt Lake and Los Angeles, and note how all is ordered, with what precision all arrangements are made, and conducted, and what a new world it is in itself, moving through space like a world, set in motion, and stayed by the hand and by the master craft of an American mechanic, and then in idea, transferring himself from his present business of the day, let him ask himself if he sees not something beyond, quite extraneous to himself, a great thing effected, which he never could have conceived, nor have executed, and then let him say if there be not even in this our working world, a great and living poetry, a magnificent thought realized, and epic brought out, worthy an age, and then let him be content for awhile that his own particular career should for a time be in abeyance, to great purposes, unproductive of the world's esteem.

Hello! Here's the end of a division. While changing locomotives we'll take a look at Caliente and give our impressions of it in another chapter.

Church Announcements

Episcopal.

St. Mark's cathedral: Very Rev. James R. Eadie, dean—Holy communion, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; literary, ante-communion and sermon, 11 a. m. The public is cordially invited to attend the services.

St. Peter's chapel—Sunday school, 9 a. m.

St. Paul's church, Main and Fourth streets: Rev. Charles E. Perkins, rector—Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Visitors welcomed. All seats free.

St. John's chapel, Richmond avenue near 1st East—Sunday school, 10 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon, 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

Methodist.

First Methodist Episcopal church, Third South street near Main: Rev. Benjamin Young, pastor—Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The topic of the morning service is the topic of the evening service. In the evening the sermon will be on "The Value of Reserve Power." Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Epworth league at 7 p. m. These services are all held in the old church building. Free admittance. A kind invitation is extended to all.

Hill M. E. church, Ninth East and First South: Rev. D. M. Helms, pastor—Preaching morning and evening, subject in the morning, "The Word of God," in the evening, "Sufferings." Sunday school, 10 a. m. A cordial invitation to all. Seats free.

Scientist.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 326 East Third South street—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; church service at 11 a. m.; subject, "Christ Jesus." Strangers are especially welcome. Each Wednesday at 8 o'clock, a meeting is held to listen to the testimony of healing of both sin and sickness. All are welcome to these services. Free admittance. From open daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. in Rooms 507-508 Scott building, 168 Main street. Take elevator.

Congregational.

First Congregational church, Fourth East and First South streets: Rev. E. L. Goshorn, pastor—Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sermon by Rev. Noble E. E.

derkin. Sunday school at 12:15. Young People's society at 8 o'clock. Public is cordially invited to all services.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, Second South and Second West streets: Rev. D. A. Brown, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. No evening service. Sunday school at 12:30 p. m. F. J. Evans, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m.; leader, F. L. Evans; topic, "The Duty of Winesomeness." Wednesday evening service at 8 o'clock. A welcome to all.

Rio Grande mission chapel, Second South between Ninth and Tenth streets: Sunday school at 10 a. m.; George Paul, superintendent.

Burlington Mission chapel, Indiana avenue and Navajo street—Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Henry Jacobs, superintendent. Thursday evening service at 8 o'clock.

Calvary Baptist church, corner Fifth East and Second South streets: Rev. Leander Brown, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 12:30 p. m.; Mrs. J. M. Atkinson, superintendent. The following sacred concert will be given at 8 p. m. Anthem by choir; scripture reading; duet, Mrs. E. E. Jackson and Miss Edith Lewis; original poem by Pastor Brown, "I Cried Outside the Gate"; anthem by choir; vocal solo (in

German). Miss Emily Mabius, with violin accompaniment by Miss Davis; recitation, Mrs. Mamie Rothwell of Kansas City; violin solo, Miss S. Davis; vocal solo, "Calvary," Miss Ruth Perry of Ogden. Gardy Carter, organist.

Unitarian.

First Unitarian society: Rev. Frank Fay, Eddy, pastor—Services at Unity hall, 140 South Second East, at 11 a. m. Subject of sermon, "A Sheaf of Religious Impressions." Music by Unity quartet. Sunday school at 12:45 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Lutheran.

First German Evangelical Lutheran: St. John's congregation: Rev. William J. Lankow, pastor—Services at 2 p. m. at the Norwegian Lutheran church, Fourth East between Fourth and Fifth South. Sunday school after service. All German welcome.

Our Savior's Evangelical Lutheran church, Fourth East between Fourth and Fifth South streets: Rev. A. G. H. Overn, pastor—Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in the English language. You are cordially invited to attend.

English Lutheran church, 236 South Fourth East street: Rev. H. A. Hanson, pastor—Preaching service, 11 a. m.

Sunday school, 10 a. m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 8:30 p. m. subject, "The Duty of Winesomeness." W. D. Bingham, leader. The Ladies Aid society will meet at 2:30 o'clock next Thursday afternoon at Liberty park. The public will be heartily welcomed to all services.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian church, Brigham and C streets: Rev. W. M. Faden, D. D., pastor—Morning service at 11 o'clock; Sunday school at 12:30. Young People's meeting at 8:30, evening service at 7:45. Seats are free at all services and the public is cordially invited.

The Origin of Sundae.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) "Sundae sounds like an East Indian name for the popular soda fountain beverage, and most people probably think that is its origin, but it isn't," says Herrick J. Gray.

The name originated in New Orleans and in an interesting manner. A druggist there whose soda fountain was an extremely popular resort found himself one Sunday without the usual supply of tanks, through some strike or other trouble, or else he was unable to obtain ice; I forget which. At any rate, he wasn't in a position to serve any-

thing but ice cream and syrups, and he was almost in despair.

An expert sign maker, he soon had signs in his windows announcing that in order to push it probably nothing but the new "Sunday drinks" would be served at his place that day. His patrons were nothing loath to try the simple combination of ice cream and syrups, and others were attracted through curiosity. The new combination made a hit. Before night it was buzzed about in hundreds of homes, and the next day the demand was lively for that new Sunday drink. Gradually other soda fountains began dispensing it, the request for it continued, couched in the same form, however, and it wasn't long before its use in advertising caused the substitution of an e for the y, probably because it looked better; and there you have the whole story. Not as romantic as it was a tale of India, but still not uninteresting. What do you think?"

Where the Soil Is Rocky.

(Youth's Companion.) Virginia, as everybody knows, is a state of wonderful and diversified agricultural wealth, but there are portions of it where the farms appear to be composed chiefly of rock, and the thin top dressing of soil

requires frequent treatment with fertilizers in order to produce any kind of a crop. As the result of a trade a man from Ohio came into possession of a store in a small town in one of the rockiest of these sections. His first proceeding was to take an inventory of the stock on hand. Much to his surprise, he found there was not a pound of fertilizer in the store. He immediately dispatched an order for a dozen pounds to the nearest wholesale supply house, fifty or a hundred miles distant.

The next day he "hitched up" and took a drive over the neighborhood, noting the general outlook and making inquiries among the residents.

On returning to his store he sent this message to the wholesale house: "Cancel order for plows. Send me a ton of blasting powder."

Sixty Years' experience of an Old Nurse.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for sixty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures diarrhoea, soothes the bowels and wind colic. By giving Syrup to the child it rests the mother. Price, 75 cents a bottle.

"The Coolest Store in Town." Everybody Says So.

House-Cleaning Week AT WALKER'S STORE!

This is house-cleaning week, and we've got to "go some" to get rid of the quantities of goods accumulated from the summer business. Greater than ever before has been the magnitude of the business done by this great store, and, consequently, greater are the quantities of odds and ends of seasonable merchandise left to clean up.

Although the selling season is practically over, still there are at least two months of hot weather left, and you will need fresh things to carry you through. This great house-cleaning gives you an opportunity to replenish your summer wardrobe at a very small outlay. Read some of the price concessions: many more to be found at the store. Many Factory Lots and Mill Ends to close, and the reductions in all cases will be almost unbelievable.

Clean-Up Prices from the Suit Section.

Entire Stock of Silk Suits To Go.

The \$12.75 to \$32.00 ones to go at \$10.75.

The \$37.50 to \$55.00 ones to go at \$16.75.

White Persian Lawn Waists, Worth \$2.95 each—\$1.65.

These are made with tucked yoke in front and buttoned in back. Bargains at the regular price.

A Fine Line of White Waists To Close—\$2.50 each.

These are of handkerchief linen and mull, hand embroidered, and tucked back and front. The regular values are \$4.50 to \$5.75 each, but to close the lot—\$2.50.

All-Wool Coat Suits—Greatly Reduced to Close.

The \$13.50 to \$37.50 ones for \$11.75 The \$42.50 to \$67.50 ones for \$18.75

New Arrivals—Elegant Tailored Skirts, worth \$14.50—\$7.75.

In this handsome assortment are all the latest effects in blue, black and white checks, and fancy mixtures; made up in the latest styles and well tailored. This Special for Monday and Tuesday only.

Clean-Up Week in the Wash Goods Aisle.

Hundreds of Remnants of Wash Goods, Gingham, Outing Flannels, etc., left from the Great Mill End and Factory Lots Sales. These must be closed out immediately, and to insure a quick riddance, they will go at

HALF THE REGULAR PRICES.

Large Figured Comfort Calico, 7 1-2c value, for—

5c yard.

25,000 Yards Outing Flannels and Flannelettes.

200 pieces Daisy Outing Flannels, worth 8 2-3c yard—6 1-4c.

200 pieces Amoskeag Teasel Outing Flannels, worth 12 1-2c—8 2-3c.

50 pieces Molekin Fleece-Down, worth 20c—15c.

200 pieces double-faced extra heavy, for bath robes, worth 40c—25c.

200 pieces fancy figured Flannelette, worth 15c—10c.

200 pieces Walker's Special Figured Flannelette, worth 18c—12 1-2c.

200 pieces of the finest Figured Flannelette, worth 20c—16 2-3c.

1,000 rolls pure white Carded Cotton Batting, 12-ounce quality, worth 18c roll—

11 1/2c

Figured Cretonne, 10c value, for

7 1/2c a yard.

150 bolts fine English Long Cloth—

\$1.25

bolt. This comes 12 yards in a bolt and sells regularly at 15c the yard.

House-Cleaning Time in the Silks and Dress Goods.

Desirable Fancy Silks To Go At—42c the Yard.

This assortment comprises good, serviceable, stylish silks. The latest color effects and designs. Every piece a bargain and worth twice the price.

30 Pieces of Plain Glace Taffeta at—39c Yard.

This collection contains also chiffon taffeta in a splendid line of colors. This elegant assortment goes on sale Monday at 39c the yard. Worth double.

Final Clean-Up of Remnants at—1/2 and 2/3 Off.

Broken lines of dress goods, including all of our best weaves and fabrics. This is an important event. It affords an opportunity of picking up a dress for school or fall wear at one-half to two-thirds less than the prices marked on the goods.

Clean-Up in the Knit Underwear Section.

Ladies' embroidered and plain gauze hosiery, colors tan and blue, worth \$1.00, to close—

50c

Ladies' long sleeve vests and ankle length drawers, worth 50c garment, now three for \$1.00, or, each—

35c

Clean-Up Prices on Toilet Articles.

Pure bay rum, large size bottles, worth 35c

Large size cakes glycerine toilet soap, regular price 3 cakes for 30c, now three

cakes for 20c

Large size whisk brooms, worth

25c each

Paper napkins, assorted patterns, worth 10c hundred

Good bristle hair brushes, worth

35c each

Nail brushes, worth 10c

each

Nail brushes, worth 25c

each

Clean-Up Prices on Handkerchiefs and Neckwear.

Stocks in linen, Swiss and laces, worth from 25c to \$2.00 yard—HALF PRICES.

Lace collars, worth from 75c to \$1.25, now—35c each.

Beautiful Pattern Veils, worth \$1.25

to \$2.00

Another line, worth 75c

to \$1.00

Wash Blonde Veils, worth 50c to

\$1.00 each

Dainty pretty veils for summer wear, worth 35c

to 50c the yard, 2 for 25c, or, yard.

A line of Ascot Ties, worth 60c

each

Colored bordered school

handkerchiefs, each

5c

All linen, plain, narrow hem handkerchiefs, worth 25c

and 30c each, now 2 for 25c, or, each

15c

Linen handkerchiefs, trimmed with lace and insertion,

worth 35c to 50c each, now 3 for 50c, or, each.

20c

CHILDREN'S TOGGERY CLEAN-UP.

A few colored dresses, 2 to 14-year sizes, worth \$1.50

to \$2.50 each, to close

89c

A couple of dozen white pique jackets, from 6 months to

4-year sizes, worth from \$1.75 to \$3.00.

79c

Broken lines of boys' pants, all-wool, mixtures and blues,

sizes 4 to 15, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25

79c

House Cleaning in the Undermuslin Section.

Entire stock of Petticoats—ONE-THIRD OFF.

These are in black sateen, mohair and wash fabrics.

An assortment of white muslin gowns,

worth 75c and \$1.00

49c

Entire stock of long and short kimono—

One-Third Off

Clean-Up in the Notion Aisle.

Dress Shields, good quality, any size,

worth 15c pair

10c

Hose Supporters, in side elastics, with good quality

frilled elastic, worth 20c

pair

10c

Embroidered wash belts, in white and colored

embroidery, worth 60c and 65c

each

37c